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THE COVER ILLUSTRATION BY MARK ZANGWILL.

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LEONORE.

First produced for copyright purposes, at an Entertainment given by Mr. Tom Terriss and Mr. W. C. Newte, in the Ladbroke Hall, London, W.; on Wednesday, May 11th, 1892; with the following
caste :

DAVID CASTLETON	...	Mr. CHARLES STEUART
Dr. BENJAMIN GOODE (his Friend and Medical Adviser),		Mr. COLLEY SALTER
AMELIA (David's Sister)		Miss FLORENCE FAULKNER
EDITH HUNTLY	...	Miss SKELTON WAUD
LEONORE	Miss HELEN LUCCA

—o—

This Play won the £10 prize offered by "The Players," (the organ of the Actors' Association), in the recent "lever de rideau" competition.

TIME—Thirty Minutes.

COSTUMES—Present Day.

The action of the play takes place in a room in David Castleton's House, which is situated in a suburb of a large town in New South Wales.

LONDON :

LOUIS MARSHAL AND CO., WILSON STREET
FINSBURY, E.C.



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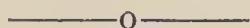
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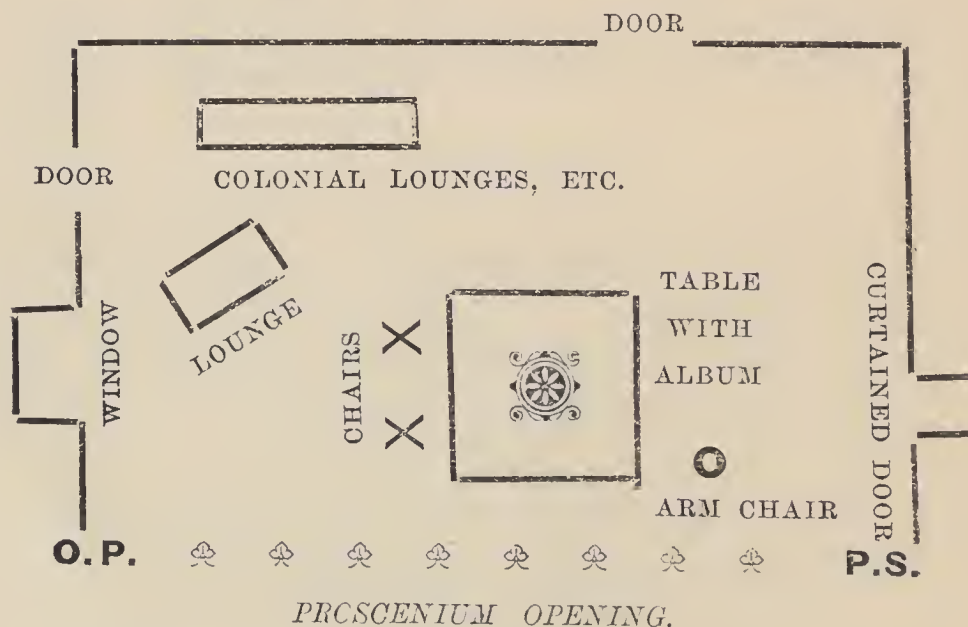
TIME—Thirty Minutes. COSTUMES—Present Day.

The action of the play takes place in a room in David Castleton's House, which is situated in a suburb of a large town in New South Wales.

ARGUMENT.

Before the Curtain rises, there has been a terrible shipwreck at sea. David Castleton, on seeing his newly married wife in the water, maddened with grief, had jumped into the sea and rescued a woman whom he thought was his wife, but who, in reality, was a young widow on board. They are rescued by a ship going to New South Wales, where she nurses him back to life, but the shock has affected him so much that he will never remember anything before the occurrence. When he first regains consciousness, he thinks the woman by him is his wife, and as she now loves him, and thinks his wife drowned, she is well content to accept the situation. In reality, his wife had clung to some wreckage, and had been rescued by an English bound vessel. As soon as she is able she leaves England, not writing, as she can get to Australia as soon as any letter. In due time she comes to the house where the action of the play takes place. There she soon learns the truth. She is about to claim her husband, but she is present at a scene between David and the woman he imagines to be his wife, unknown to them, and is so affected by their love that she leaves her husband's home never to return.

PLAN OF SET.



SCENE.—A room plainly but well furnished; shrubs at doors, and skins of animals about to give the appearance of a colonial residence. Doors R.U.E., L.C., and L.; the doorway L. to be draped with curtains. A photograph album on a table L.C. Large window R.

Note.—If a practicable window is not procurable for Amelia to write upon, a blotting pad and pencil will answer the purpose.

LEONORE.

AMELIA is discovered, walking up and down, with a Latin grammar in her hand.

Amelia (to herself): Amo, amas—yes—amat. Now, how does it go on? I never seem to get a bit further; indeed, I have stopped there ever since last Thursday week, notwithstanding all the trouble Dr. Goode has taken with me. (*At window R.*) So good of him to teach me Latin. (*Writing with her fingers on the window pane.*) Dr. Goode, Dr. Benjamin Goode, Mrs. Benjamin Goode. But before I accept the offer, sir, I know you are dying to make, I will find out the secret—or mystery, or whatever it is—which enshrouds the lady calling herself Mrs. David Castleton; there is something unexplained which Dr. Goode can tell me, and—ah! his footstep—his footstep! (*She hastily rubs out the writing on the window, and ostentatiously resumes her book as*)

(*DR. GOODE enters R.U.E., a portly man of about 46.*)

Dr. Goode (contemplating her): What a picture! Little does she dream of the feelings I entertain for her; poor woman! poor, trusting, confiding woman?

Amelia (to herself): Amo, amas, amat.

Dr. Goode: Go on.

Amelia: Please take the book. It seems, Doctor, I shall never get a bit further than the present tense of this verb: amare, to love. Ah, me! (*Sighing.*)

Dr. Goode: Let me tell you, you are not the first it has perplexed. But did we shake hands?

Amelia: Good morning, Dr. Goode, and how is your patient?

Dr. Goode: Your brother is physically better; mentally—well, stationery.

Amelia : You mean—

Dr. Goode : I mean he will never remember anything before the shipwreck, unless—

Amelia : Unless ——

Dr. Goode : Something comes about which is impossible—
(*aside*) thank God.

Amelia : Amo—amas ——

Dr. Goode : It's perfectly true. We never get any further than this, the present tense.

Amelia : Perhaps it's my stupidity ?

Dr. Goode : Or my inability to instruct.

Amelia : It seems we are two—now, what shall I say—together ?

Dr. Goode : Anything in the world, so long as you identify me with yourself.

Amelia : Oh, yes—anything (*effusively*).

Dr. Goode : Oh, Miss Castleton ; oh, Amelia. Amo, amo.

Amelia (*coyly*) : Amas, amat.

Dr. Goode : Oh, you don't understand. I don't mean exactly that. I mean what amo means ; and, like my prescriptions, I haven't the courage to write them in English.

Amelia : Still, no one in their senses believes them any the more for being so thinly disguised.

Dr. Goode : Let us talk of something else, then. It's my custom when I have any delicate operation on hand ——

Amelia :—You don't mean to say you're going to experiment on my brother ?

Dr. Goode : No, no. It's someone else. The heart is a little out of order, and I am going to do my best to set it right. As to your brother, I am pleased to say he is distinctly better, thanks to his—his wife's kind attention.

Amelia : And your clever advice. (*A pause.*) What shall we talk about now ?

Dr. Goode : Well, if you can suggest nothing better, we might revert to the original subject.

Amelia : With all my heart. Do you remember what it was ?

Dr. Goode : I will tell you. Now, then, say "Amo, I love."

Amelia : Amo, I love.

Dr. Goode : No, no. Not like that. Say "Amo" ; there, as if you meant it.

Amelia (sentimentally) : "Amo, I love."

Dr. Goode : Go on—go on. I'm all impatience.

Amelia : Oh ! take the book.

Dr. Goode (taking it and putting it down) : Yes, yes. Go on—go on.

Amelia : Amas, amat.

Dr. Goode : Wrong—wrong—wrong ! Don't you see, Amelia, that you don't. If you only did. But you never will.

Amelia : Do what ?

Dr. Goode : And I've been telling you for the last half-hour I—I love you, and want to marry you.

Amelia : Is that all ? Oh, why didn't you say so before ? Think of the time you've wasted. Think of the other moods we might have gone through.

Dr. Goode : She loves me. My operation, for once, has been successful.

Amelia : You may have to encounter a relapse.

Dr. Goode : I am not equal to that, at present.

Amelia : Doctor, you need fear nothing if you unreservedly confide in me what secret there is about my brother David and his wife. Don't shake your head, as I am fully convinced—

Dr. Goode : May I first ask you to quote your authority for such a supposition ?

Amelia : Simply my own innate feminine nature, together with ——

Dr. Goode : Whose principle is that nothing and nothing make forty-six. My age, by the bye. Every woman, however charming, when she thinks, suspects ; when she suspects, is convinced ; and when convinced, thinks everyone who thinks otherwise, other than wise. Now, to prove my argument.

Amelia : I wish to begin our new life without any secrets whatever ; so I will unrestrainedly give you my reasons. May you follow my excellent example. My brother was engaged to a girl in England, named Leonore, and, as I am out here in New South Wales, and he wishes to bring his wife here, he asks me to prepare a home for him.

Dr. Goode : Yes, yes ; I am quite aware of that.

Amelia : But let me finish.

Dr. Goode : But to what purpose ?

Amelia : Doctor, the more you object to hearing what I have to say, the more I am convinced of the justice of my suspicions. I will continue. I hear of their marriage. I receive a piece—a very small piece—of the cake, and hear of their having started ; and the next I learn is of your terrible shipwreck. David comes to this place in another ship, which has rescued the survivors, and with a woman as his wife, who, though she bears the same Christian name, is not the girl my brother was engaged to in England.

Dr. Goode : And what, pray, have you to object to in her ?

Amelia : As far as that goes, I adore her, but—

Dr. Goode : For all we know he might have changed his mind.

Amelia : But I have heard this morning from home, in which they say they have heard she was saved, and has been seen in England.

Dr. Goode : Impossible. She was drowned in the wreck.

Amelia : Ah !

Dr. Goode : I see I have committed myself. And, Amelia, if I alone were concerned, I would unhesitatingly confide in

you. Will you go into the garden, and when I have seen your—your sister-in-law, perhaps you will know all I can tell you.

Amelia : It isn't so much that I am inquisitive, but it *would* so look as if you trusted me.

Dr. Goode : Thank you. And, Amelia, do not blame her till you have heard everything. She, throughout, has acted nobly. (*Aside.*) Though what will she do when she learns what I have just heard. (*Aloud.*) What are you doing ?

Amelia (*with the photograph album in her hand*) : Simply putting our photographs face to face, as they should be.

Dr. Goode : I think the originals should be by all means. Who is that you are looking at ?

Amelia : That is when you tell me everything I wish to know. Only at poor David, before his illness. Hasn't he woefully changed ? Now, I shall expect you in—in two minutes. (*He kisses her hand, and she goes out L.C.*)

Dr. Goode : Leonore alive, and in England ! If she comes here, as she might, God help us !

(*Enter EDITH, R.U.E.*)

Edith : Oh, Doctor, I was so anxious. I could not wait any longer. How is he to day ?

Dr. Goode : His recovery is assured, though he will never be again the same man he was.

Edith : I can nurse him, I can tend him, I do not mind. I can then, in some measure, repay the immense debt of gratitude I owe him. But his memory ?

Dr. Goode : As far as I can tell, it will be clouded for ever.

Edith : Thank Heaven ! Then I can ever be with him. Thank Heaven ! But tell me, Doctor, you have ever been a good and kind friend to me. You do not think that if, in time to come, the light of past years should shine once more upon him that he could blame me for what I have done ? Oh, no, I am sure he could not, loving me as he does. Of course the world would, if they came to know the truth ; but what the world says, and what the world does, are so very different ; and so long as I have his love, that is no consideration.

Dr. Goode : I am sure, knowing his generous nature, that he would forgive you.

Edith : But you, yourself—you, personally, do you think I have done so very wrong?

Dr. Goode : I do, and I do not. I cannot blame you as you love him; and love is the greatest excuse that God has given to woman; but for your own sake ——

Edith : And especially as his other wife is dead ——

Dr. Goode : As—as I said before, I do and I do not.

Edith : Ah! you qualify your opinion, but if my early life had been different, perhaps I should have acted otherwise. But think of me, brought up in a home which was not a home; by a father and mother who were parents only so far as they called me into existence. They did not know me any more than I understood them, and when I told them that what I wanted was something—someone to love, they married me to an acquaintance of my father's—poor man; he never had a friend. But I was even worse off than before. The man I was to love—to honour—hated me; his only thoughts were of worldly wealth, and they stole what paltry affection he possessed. God knows I tried to love him, but it was impossible. He was taken from me, and I then resolved to go to a new country—a new land, as far away as possible from where I had been so miserable. You know the rest, as you saw it all—the terrible confusion when the ship struck, and his delirium when the boat capsized in which the women were placed—his going into the water for Leonore, and his rescuing me, thinking I was his wife. You remember I soon recovered, and then what a pleasure it was to be able to be of some assistance to the man who had saved my life. Yes, at last I have had someone to help, and very soon I had someone to love. Yes, when I saw the pale flicker of his life gradually burn into a flame, my love also grew, only it burned a thousand times more intensely. When his senses returned I was going to leave him; indeed, I had already taken a long, silent farewell, when he opened his eyes and called me “Leonore; his Leonore; Leonore, his wife.” The temptation was too much for me, and, knowing she was dead, I took her place.

Dr. Goode : And knowing she was dead you took her place.

Edith : You do not tell me what is passing in your mind.

Dr. Goode : So long as nothing unforeseen happens I do not think you will have reason to regret what you have done.

Edith : I am afraid I have been very selfish : but I am convinced the other woman who loved him would have done the same, if she had been similarly situated.

Dr. Goode : You—you did not see her on board, did you ?

Edith : No, as I was so unhappy—in much trouble—I kept to my cabin during the entire voyage.

Dr. Goode : There is something I wish to ask you, and that is, if I may ——

Edith : Favour for favour. May I take David into the garden for half an hour ?

Dr. Goode : I really don't know what to say. A chill might ——

Edith (going to window R) : But see what a lovely day it is. The sky is cloudless, as—as my future life, shall I say ?

Dr. Goode : But, look over there, do you see that cloud on the horizon, it is getting larger and nearer every moment.

Edith : But it will soon blow over. Look ——

Dr. Goode : Let us hope so. Why—what do you see ? That woman !

Edith : Do you think she is ill ? At least, she does not look as if she were in want.

Dr. Goode : She will be better directly ; perhaps the noonday heat has been too much for her.

Edith : But she looks as if she were going to faint. Go and bring her in. Oh, do, Doctor ; she will fall if you are not quick. (*He hurries out R.U.E.*) Ah, he is just in time. How fortunate it was I saw her. Some weary traveller on life's road. Perhaps I can be of some assistance to her.

DR. GOODE *enters, R.U.E., supporting LEONORE. He assists her to a chair by the table.*)

Edith : Thank you, so much, Doctor, she will soon recover

in here. Now, while I look after her, will you kindly get her what you think would do her most good.

Dr. Goode : Certainly, with pleasure. I will get it in the next room.

Edith : Do. And Amelia will be only too pleased to help you.

(*He goes out R.U.E.*)

Leonore (*to herself*) : Nearer ; Nearer ; every moment nearer ! (*Opening her eyes.*) Ah !

Edith : You are quite safe now ; do not fear.

Leonore : Yes, I know where I am now. It was out there it seemed as if I had not the strength to go any further, and I was so anxious to get on. Yes, yes ; you have brought me in. (*Endeavouring to rise.*)

Edith : And you must stay and rest yourself.

Leonore : Not yet, not yet. I must go on ; on.

Edith : As you are now, believe me, it would be positive madness,

Leonore : It would be worse if I stayed longer. I am now so near my destination, that every moment's delay seems to lengthen the distance I have to go.

Edith : Wait till the doctor returns, and see what he says. You really are not strong enough to go for a long time yet.

Leonore : Perhaps I seem ungrateful, but I have come a very long way—oh, so far ; and every day I have been counting the minutes, the moments, of the time it would still take me. And now I am delayed, just at the end.

Edith : Can I assist you in any way ? Only tell me how I can help you.

Leonore : I was getting rather anxious, as I believed I had mistaken my directions. All I wanted was a little rest. So, good-bye, good-bye.

Edith : If you care to tell me where you wish to go, perhaps I, or my husband —

Leonore : Ah, you have a husband ? My troubles are all bound up in that one word.

Edith : Troubles !

Leonore : But they will soon be troubles no longer. It is very simple. I was separated from him for a time, and I am now going to see him again. I have read of travellers in the hot desert, stricken down in sight of water ; they must feel as I do. I suppose you can almost realise, painful though it is, what it would be to be separated from one you live for ; how anxious you would be once more to feel his kisses, once more to know his love.

Edith : And he, too. Think how he must be looking forward to seeing you.

Leonore : He does not even know of my coming. I shall, of course, see you again, when I will tell you the whole story. My condition of mind was such that I could do nothing but think—think—think of the time when I should meet him. I found I could get here as soon as any letter, so I did not write, but brought myself. You can fully understand my impatience now, so good-bye, and thank you. (*She rises, but falls exhausted.*)

Edith : There now ; what did I tell you ? But the doctor is preparing you something in the next room which will soon make you feel yourself again. Now I will leave you to rest yourself for a while, and I will go for my husband. (*Goes towards door R.U.E. and pauses.*) Poor woman ! it does seem hard. In sight, too, of home ; poor, poor woman.

(*She goes out R.U.E. After a time LEONORE somewhat recovers.*)

Leonore : Only a little further—a very little further.

(*She realises where she is, and looks round the room. Her eyes fall on the photographic album left on the table at her side by AMELIA, and she idly turns over the leaves as DR. GOODE enters R.U.E. and comes down R. He looks at LEONORE intently and suddenly starts as if he recognised her. At the same moment her eye lights on her husband's portrait. She rises to her feet with the book in her hand ; she turns ; confronts DR. GOODE, immediately recognises him, and lets the book fall.*)

Dr. Goode : So soon !

Leonore : My husband ! he is here !

Dr. Goode : So very soon.

Leonore : My husband ! my husband ! Where is he ?
(*A pause.*) You are silent ! Have you nothing to tell me ?

Dr. Goode : Too much.

Leonore : That woman ! What is she doing here ?

Dr. Goode : We thought you were drowned.

Leonore : What ! Has he so soon forgotten me ? Speak, man, speak ! (*Then imploringly*) Why do you not tell me what I must know. Tell me, or I shall—oh, tell me !

Dr. Goode : I cannot—I cannot !

Leonore : Has he again married !

Dr. Goode : Worse ! Worse !

Leonore : I know what you would tell me ; that David took advantage of my absence to love this other woman. But it is a lie. He could never love anyone else.

Dr. Goode : It is simply this. It is very terrible, but it is none the less true. That night of the wreck he lost his senses, and ever since he has been convinced that the woman he rescued in mistake for you is his wife.

Leonore : His wife ! He—he thinks me her.

Dr. Goode : Yes ; he thinks you her.

Leonore : And you have all encouraged him in this lie ?

Dr. Goode : We thought you dead.

Leonore : Of course, you are not really in earnest. No, no, of course you are not. It is a cruel jest, as he loves me ; he has told me so with his lips a thousand times, and his eyes told me he meant what he said. Of course there is no truth in what you tell me.

Dr. Goode : I am very, very sorry.

Leonore : Great God ! Did it never occur to you that it was possible for some of us, as really happened, to cling to some of the floating wreckage till we were rescued by a passing ship ? By the time I recovered from the exposure and the shock, I was well on my—Great God ! and this is what it has come to.

Dr. Goode : It is most deplorable, and the worst of it is that any shock, such as seeing you again, might have the most disastrous effect on his health. It is only the sight of you that would recall the memory of what to him is at present dead.

Leonore : Ah ! you would play me off with soft words, would you ? But you have a woman to deal with, not a child. He belongs to me ; he is part of me ; he is necessary to me, and I will—I will have him.

Dr. Goode : Be advised by me. At present, ——

Leonore : He is my husband.

Dr. Goode : Yes, yes ; but, my dear Madam—

Leonore : He is my husband !

Dr. Goode : As he is now, it would be positive madness to —

Leonore : He is my husband. I do believe you think me an impostor. But bring him to me, and see if he does not remember who I am. If he does not, I will go away content. But I know he will.

Dr. Goode : Mrs. Castleton, your husband is a very old friend of mine, and I am simply going to suggest what is best for his well-being. I will tell her of you, and knowing her as I do, I am certain she would go away. Once she has gone—

Leonore : But would she ?

Dr. Goode : Cannot you realise how she must love him to do what she has done for him ?

Leonore : I am the only woman who loves him.

Dr. Goode : They are coming this way. You must go with me.

Leonore : Let me stay ! only let me see him for a moment ; he shall not see me ; think, he is my husband.

Dr. Goode : Then what do you intend doing.

Leonore : Then what do I intend doing ? You ask me, in sober earnest, what I intend doing ? I love him. Now, you know what I am going to do. He is my husband ; do you think I will let another woman take my place ?

Dr. Goode : They are here. (*Going out L.C.*) I have done my best.

(*He goes out L.C., LEONGRE follows him, but stays in doorway as DAVID enters R.U.E. on EDITH'S arm.*)

Edith : Why, she has gone. (*Assisting him to a chair, and making him comfortable.*)

David (*as he sits*) : The woman you were telling me about ?

Edith : Yes.

David : Are you sure ?

Edith : Yes, dear, why ?

David : I hardly know. Tell me, are we alone ?

(*LEONORE draws back in doorway.*)

Edith : Quite, dearest. What makes you ask that ?

David : It appeared for the moment when we first came here, that I had come into contact with some indefinable association of the old existence ; it almost seemed as if there was a break in the clouds which overshadow my life.

Edith : And now.

David : They have gathered darker than before. Who was she, do you know ?

Edith : I have already told you what little she confided in me.

David : Ah, yes, I remember now ; she was going to meet a husband she had not seen for some time, I think you said.

Edith : Yes, dear ; that was her trouble.

David : If she loved him, how she must have suffered.

Edith : As I should if ever I lost you.

David (*to himself*) : As I should if ever I lost you. How I love to hear you speak to me like that.

Edith : It is an old, old story ; are you not weary of hearing it ?

David : I am never tired of hearing what is ever beautiful and true. I can imagine the world without flowers, or trees, or even the blue sky ; but what would it be without love. No, we must never even speak of being apart.

Edith : No ; not if you are content.

David : Content, content ? When I am alone I often think how is it that I should have been singled out for such tender care, such loving solicitude as yours. Why, darling, you are everything to me, now ; my present, my future, and even my past. If ever I wish to be acquainted with that which it is not permitted me to know, it is to you that I must turn for help.

Edith : Yes, to me ; to me—only to me.

David : Tell me, have I altered very much since—since—

Edith : You could never alter in my eyes, love, never ; because you are ever so dear to me.

David : And yet, Leonore, you always avoid speaking of the old days of our affection.

Edith : Women only think of the present ; they do not care what to-morrow brings so long as they are happy to-day ; and yesterday only exists in so much as it affects to-day. I prefer to think of you as you are now.

David : Ill and incomplete ?

Edith : Yes, because you have now the more need of me ; whereas, if you were well and strong, you would often be away from my side. Am I not selfish ?

David : To devote your life to me ?

Edith : It is because I love you ; oh, I cannot tell you how much. It often seems as if you and I were the only living people in the world, and that we were going to live for ever and ever, never getting any older, or differing in any way ; but living on just as we are now. Oh, what a paradise it seems. True, I soon realise where I am, but then I still have you—(*Putting her arms round his neck and kissing him*)—you.

David : Ah, if I could only look back and recall the old scenes of our first acquaintanceship—our first interest in each other, our first kiss. I should remind you of all I have said to you, all the vows we had made together. But, since that

cannot be, I have to content myself with the satisfaction of knowing that you are as irrevocably bound in my future as you are in the days that are gone. Oh, it is delightful to think that a long life is before us of this exquisite affection and happiness, and it is that which no one would wish to deprive us of. I feel now what an inestimable privilege it is to exist.

Edith : Is your devotion to me such a part of your existence ?

David : So much so that were it taken from me, I should not care to have any more being. Why, Leonore, it is only your love that has kept me alive. When I first regained consciousness, I seemed to despair of life ; but you, you gave me strength in giving me a desire to live.

Edith : Suppose now, for one moment, you could remember everything—everything you wish to know, and more, and you found I was not—not quite what you imagined me to be.

David : Do not even speak of anything so impossible.

Edith : Yes, yes.

David : Far rather than that, I would prefer to remain as I am, so that I could imagine you to be what I know you are. I now live in a beautiful dream, and you must not even suggest an awakening.

Edith : You may be only too sure I should like you to dream on for ever.

David : We must be content with but a lifetime, and then, when we come to look back over the many years we have lived and loved together, I am convinced I shall be unable to conceive of an interest in another life in which you are not a part of myself. Leonore, we have found what the world is ever seeking, but rarely finds ; we have discovered that which when it obtains, it too often rejects—happiness. We are in possession of the source, the complement, the fulfilment of perfect, ideal happiness—love.

Edith : I am very, very thankful.

David : Yes, God has been very good to us.

Edith : Yes, God has been very good—to me.

David : I should like to sit out in the sunshine for a little while. Will you read to me ?

Edith : You must take my arm, as you cannot yet walk alone.

David : Who would object to be weak if they always had such a sweet support ?

(*LEONORE, on hearing of their going into the garden moves across to the door at L, and screens herself with the curtains. As they go out L.C. she comes slowly from her concealment, with her arms outstretched to where her husband has gone.*

Leonore : David—David !

EDITH *re-enters* L.C.

Edith : Ah, you have come back, and I thought you had gone ; how are you now ?

Leonore : Yes, I have come back. Come back to thank you for your sympathy. Good bye.

Edith : Not good bye. You have not yet seen my husband. He was so sorry to hear of your trouble.

Leonore : Yes ; it must be. I thought I had come to the end of my journey ; now I find I have only just set out.

(*DAVID'S voice is heard calling outside, " LEONORE "*

Edith : Why, where are you going ?

Leonore : Across the sea. When I came here I thought the ocean was composed of tears of joy ; now it will seem as if it were made of tears of sorrow—women's tears.

(*DAVID'S voice is again heard, calling " LEONORE."*

Leonore : May I kiss you ? (*She does so.*) Your husband is calling you. If he asks what has detained you from his side, tell him it was only a weak, lone woman ; and that you were giving her strength. He must have a kind heart to inspire your love. Good-bye.

Edith : Good-bye.

(EDITH goes thoughtfully to the door at L.C. ; she returns and kisses LEONORE ; then she goes out L.C.)

(DAVID'S voice is again heard calling, "LEONORE.")

(LEONORE after a slight, a very slight pause, goes out R.U.E. After a little while the sound of the closing of the door is heard.)

(The Curtain then descends.)



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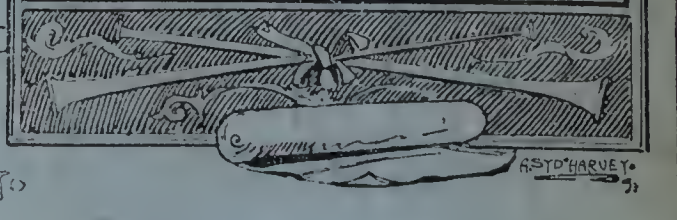


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